

cat



Francis Freeling.

cat



Francis Freeling.

Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh.
London Garland.
London Joines Garland
London Pickney Garland
Long in a Broom
Loyal Lovers Garland
Lovers Garland
Little Taperatus Garland
Garland of his Songs.
Lord Ansons Garland
Lord of Warwickshire's Garland
Lord Morins Daughters Garland
Longing Mavis Garland
~~For~~ Lovers Garland
Collection of New Songs
Collection of New Songs
Collection of New Songs
Mad Dicks Garland
Maidstone Garland
Mountain of Mavis Garland
Magpies Garland
Mistresses Garland
Mistaken Lads Garland
Maggie Ladders Garland
Moog the Bucketer Garland
My Boy and My Father be
Garland of New Songs
Eight Songs
Collection of New Songs
Garland of New Songs
Maidford Garland
Northern Garland
Garland of Northern British Heroes.

Northumbreland Garland
Seasons Garland
O'er the muir among the heather
O'er me in this ae night
Garland of New Songs
Peggy Barrows Garland
Piston Pans Garland
Philander's Garland
Pink Shoes Garland
Poor Man's Garland
Pretty Green Coat Boys Garland
Pretty Betty's Garland
Wedding Daughter
Wilmouth Tragedy
Wilmouth Tragedy
Poor Jacks Garland
Paradise Lost
Collection of New Songs
Garland of New Songs
Collection of New Songs
Royal Wedding Garland
Royal Courtly Garland
Rained Virgins Garland
Rambler's Garland
Rakish Husbands Garland
Reformed Husbands Garland
Robin Castle Garland
Collection of New Songs.

Collection of New Songs.

Salisbury Millers Garland

Strand Garland

Cruel Step-mother

Slighted Maids Garland

Sheepy Doves Garland

Shoemakers Garland

Sorrowful Maidens Garland

Shepherds Garland

The Carnion of Dover

A Ship-boy.

Sailors Journal

Collection of New Songs

Collection of New Songs

Collection of New Songs

Traders Garland

The fall of our Kings is the Picture for me.

Collection of New Songs

Collection of New Songs

Collection of New Songs

Collection of New Songs

Widows Milk Maids Garland

Garland of New Songs

Written Garland

New West Country Garland

Wishing Mothers Garland

Worcestershire Lads Garland

Worcestershire Garland.

William at Looe Garland
The same.
Capt. Ward & the Rainbow
The Wounded Huber
Garland of New Songs
Wandering young Gentlewoman's Garland
Collection of New Songs
Winton Wife of Bath
Garland of New Songs
Gounville's Tragedy.

Total 99.

end



11621. C. 4

1-99



A
RIGHT MERRY
BOOK
OF
GARLANDS.

COME, ye Poets and Pipers kittle,
Fra Duncan Fraiser to Tom Whittle;
And let your Mirth rebound the Hallan,
Your Chanter's tune like Jemmy Allan;



And sing to charm both Friend and Foe,
Of NORTHUMBRIA's Weel or Woe.

COLLECTED BY J. BELL, ON THE QUAY,
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

GARLANDS OF RIGHT MEET BOOK



Collected by J. Bell, on the Quay,
Newcastle upon Tyne.

THE
LAIDLEY WORM
MRO W OF

SPINDLESTON HEUGH

Virgo jam serpens sinuosa volumina versat,
Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,
Arrectis horret squamis et sibilat ore;
Arduaque insurgens navem-de littore pulsar.

A song above 500 years old, made by the old
mountain-bard, Duncan Fraser living on
Cheviot A. D. 1270.

Printed from an antient manuscript.



PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1785



THE
LAIDLEY WORM



Spindleston Heugh.

THe king is gone from Bambrough castle
Long may the princess mourn,
Long may she stand on the castle wall,
Looking for his return.

She has knotted the keys upon a string,
And with her she has them ta'en,
She has cast them o'er her left shoulder,
And to the gate she is gane.

She tripped out, she tripped in,
She tript into the yard:
But it was more for the king's sake,
Than for the queen's regard.

It fell out on a day, the king
Brought the queen with him home;

And all the lords, in our country,
To welcome them did come.

Oh! welcome father, the lady cries,
Unto your halls and bowers;
And so are you my step mother,
For all that's here is yours.

A Lord said, wondering while she spake,
This princess of the north
Surpasses all of female kind
In beauty, and in worth.

The envious queen replied, at least,
You might have excepted me;
In a few hours, I will her bring
Down to a low degree.

I will her liken to a Laidley worm,
That warps about the stone,
And not, till Childy Wynd † comes back,
Shall she again be won.

The princess stood at the bower door
Laughing, who could her blame?
But e'er the next day's sun went down,
A long worm she became.

There is a street now called the Wynd Bambrough.
For

For seven miles east, and seven miles west,
 And seven miles north, and south,
 No blade of grafs or corn could grow,
 So venomous was her mouth.

The milk of seven stately cows,
 It was costly her to keep,
 Was brought her daily, which she drank
 Before she went to sleep.

At this day may be seen the cave,
 Which held her folded up,
 And the stone trough, the very same
 Out of which she did sup.

Word went east, and word went west,
 And word is gone over the sea;
 That a Laidley worm in Spindleston Heugh
 Would ruin the north country.

Word went east, and word went west,
 And over the sea did go;
 The child of Wynd got wit of it,
 Which filled his heart with woe.

He called straight his merry men all,
 They thirty were and three:
 I wish I were at Spindleston,
 This desperate worm to see.

We have no time now here to waste,

Hence quickly let us sail:

My only sister Margaret

Something, I fear, doth ail.

They built a ship without delay,

With masts of the rown tree,

With flutring sails of silk so fine,

And let her on the sea.

They went on board. The wind with speed

Blew them along the deep,

At length they spied an huge square tower

On a rock high and steep.

The sea was smooth, the weather clear,

When they approached nigher,

King Ida's castle they well knew,

And the banks of Bambroughshire.

The queen look'd out at her bower-window

To see what she could see;

There she espied a gallant ship

Sailing upon the sea.

When she beheld the silken sails,

Full glancing in the sun,

To sink the ship she sent away

Her witch wives every one. The

The spells were vain The hags returned
 To the queen in sorrowful mood,
 Crying, that witches have no power,
 Where there is rown-tree wood.

Her last effort, she sent a boat,
 Which in the haven lay,
 With armed men to board the ship,
 But they were driven away.

The worm lept up, the worm lept down,
 She plaited round the stone;
 And ay as the ship came to the land
 She banged it off again.

The child then ran out of her reach
 The ship on Budley-land;
 And jumping into the shallow sea
 Securely got to land.

And now he drew his berry-broad sword,
 And laid it on her head;
 And swore if she did harm to him
 That he would strike her dead.

O! quit thy sword, and bend thy bow
 And give me kisses three;
 For though I am a poisonous worm,
 No hurt I'll do to thee.

Oh! quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,
 And give me kisses three;
 If I'm not won, e'er the sun go down,
 Won I shall never be.

He quitted his sword and bent his bow,
 He gave her kisses three;
 She crept into a hole a worm,
 But out stept a lady.

No cloathing had this lady fine,
 To keep her from the cold;
 He took his mantle from him about,
 And round her did it fold.

He has taken his mantle from him about,
 And in it he wrapt her in
 And they are up to Bambrough castle,
 As fast as they can win.

His absence and her serpent shape,
 The king had long deplored.
 He now rejoiced to see them both
 Again to him restored.

The queen they wanted, whom they found
 All pale, and sore afraid;
 Because she knew her power must yield
 To Childy Wynd's, who said

Woe

Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch,
 An ill death mayest thou dee;
 As thou my sister hast lik'ned,
 So lik'ned shalt thou be.

I will turn you into a toad,
 That on the ground doth wend:
 And won, won shalt thou never be
 Till this world hath an end.

Now on the sand near Ida's tower
 She crawls a loathsome toad
 And venom spits on every maid
 She meets upon her road.

The virgins all of Bambrough town
 Will swear that they have seen
 This spiteful toad of monstrous size
 Whilst walking they have been.

All folks believe within the shire
 This story to be true,
 And they all run to Spindleston
 The cave and trough to view.

10 III 52
 This fact, now Duncan Frasier
 Of Cheviot, sings in rhyme;
 Lest Bambrough-shire-men should forget
 Some part of it in time.

F I N I S